

THE Spirit of Missions

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THE GREAT DAY OF THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

The delegates leaving Trinity Church, Portland, Oregon, after the Corporate Communion. September 7, 1922

The Spirit of Missions

ROBERT F. GIBSON
Editor in Charge

KATHLEEN HORE
Assistant Editor

VOL. LXXXVII

October, 1922

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A MESSAGE TO THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

THE burning question of our time is the maintenance of the moral standards that are the foundations of civilization. All other questions, for example, financial credit, stability of industry, even advance in education, are subsidiary to this question of the maintenance of moral standards. Neither peace nor progress is worth while unless men and women possess and try to live up to convictions of the supreme obligation of truth and virtue as the test of right living.

One of the correspondents of a great newspaper, a man of international reputation, who had just come from a visit to Europe and the Orient, said to me the other day, "The trouble with the world is not merely economic and political. It is the breaking down of moral convictions and moral standards—and why is it?" My answer was, "The cancer at the heart of the world is a kind of rationalism that is eating away religious faith. And a people that has lost the certainty of faith in God and a future life is doomed to moral impotence and political imbecility."

That is the challenge to the mission work of the Christian Church. We are casting our anchors into distant seas. We are building for Christ and God and the Everlasting Kingdom among peoples who may hereafter be called upon to bring back the comfort and hope of the Kingdom of Heaven to the nations that have permitted the glamour of a vulgar materialism to blind them to the truth—and Macaulay's New Zealander may come with the old Gospel to reclaim, not the ruins of Saint Paul's, but of European civilization.

Let us thank God for the women of the Church who have been leaders in the work to advance the cause of Missions. Their organized efforts in the Woman's Auxiliary have helped to preserve the sense of solidarity in the Church and to emphasize the responsibility of the Church for service to the world. Their generous contributions both for special objects and in the United Thank Offering have enabled the Church to go forward more and more each year. The future holds still greater promise and more exacting responsibility, and we believe that Churchwomen in every diocese and district will rise to meet it.

Reverend A. Gailor

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

NO words can express the happiness and gratitude I feel as Executive Secretary of the Department of Missions for the United Thank Offering of 1922. Let me go back a moment to my first General Convention.

The United Thank Offering In 1901 General Convention met for the first time on the Pacific Coast. The Woman's Auxiliary signalized the occasion by a united offering of \$107,027. Many people at the time asked doubtingly "Can the Auxiliary ever repeat so large a gift?" Twenty-one years later the General Convention for the second time comes to the Pacific Coast. The women of the Church make a United Offering of \$669,126, more than six times the amount of what was thought to be San Francisco's unrepeatable total, and nearly fifty per cent greater than the splendid offering of nearly three years ago.

The immediate results of this offering will be widespread and far reaching. Nearly two hundred women workers at home and abroad will be maintained at their posts during the next three years. A few recruits at least can be sent to the outposts to strengthen the line. Two important institutions for the furtherance of woman's work will be directly and immediately benefited. The fifteen thousand dollars assigned to the Nurses' Training School and Home at Saint Luke's Hospital, Tokyo, will be almost enough to complete the seventy-five thousand dollar fund. The Woman's Council that has done such notable work on behalf of Saint Luke's is confident that the remaining amount, less than three thousand dollars, will soon be provided. The fifteen thousand dollars voted for the dormitory for girls at Saint Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Virginia, will make a fine start on the fifty thousand dollar fund needed. It is proposed to make the building a memorial of the late Florence M. Greeley, president of the Chicago branch of the Woman's Auxiliary. The present building is a menace to life. It must be replaced.

The wonderful offering of 1922 will hearten and strengthen the women at the front. They will interpret it as a message from the home Church to go forward with the assurance that hundreds of thousands of women are going to stand behind them and help them realize the purpose to which they so joyously give their lives.

The United Offering of 1922 is part of the Church's answer to the plea that an aged Chinese woman made to me in the city of Changsha. Most of her life had been spent under the numbing negations of Buddhism. Then the Life of Mary's Son had been brought into her life. In answer to my question: "What message would you like me to take back to the women of America?", she replied: "Tell them that we women of China beg them to send more and more of their Christian women teachers to tell the millions of our women who do not yet know the blessed truths of Christian faith."

How is it that as the years pass the Auxiliary moves on to ever greater heights? The answer was given on the early morning of September seventh. All eyes and thoughts were fixed upon the Altar. Presently there kneels before it the figure of the well-loved Presiding Bishop of the Church, lion-hearted still in missionary zeal, though his body shows the weight of years. Then come the ringing hymns, the reverent service, the glad obedience to Our Lord's request, "Do this in remembrance of me." There is the answer to every question about the Woman's Auxiliary and its United Thank Offering.

JOHN W. WOOD.

The Progress of the Kingdom

WHEN an article must be written before the events occur, but will not be read until after they have taken place, it is difficult to know whether to speak as prophet or to try to write as reporter. Probably the former is safer,

but we have ventured to talk of hopes and results, trusting that

Hopes while we speak of hopes some at least of these hopes may have
and become results by the time this editorial is read.

Results This is the United Thank Offering Number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, which is itself a result of the last Triennial. At a meeting of the United Thank Offering treasurers in Detroit it was suggested that the editor of that magazine should be asked if it would be possible to devote a number to the United Thank Offering. With what graciousness Mr. Betticher not only approved the suggestion but carried it through, those who worked with him for the success of the plan know. For the third year the October number is given to the United Thank Offering.

While we speak of other subjects in this editorial we realize how truly at the heart of our meetings in Portland was the United Thank Offering. Probably no Auxiliary woman will be entirely satisfied with the amount of the offering. We dream such wonderful dreams of what we would do if only all Churchwomen took their share in that offering, that our dream may be greater than our attainment.

Money is only one way of measuring growth, and there are other measures. There is the story of the groups of women all over this country and in our mission fields which make up the nearly four thousand parish branches, and in reporting that to the Triennial we realize two things especially: first, the strength of all those separate branches put together, and second, that that strength is no small power. For fifty-one years the greatest thing the Auxiliary has done has been to help the Church realize that her mission to the world is the supreme responsibility of every member.

But the Auxiliary, if it is true to its training through these years, will not pause long to congratulate itself over past service but will turn to the future. The three years before us present opportunities for greater service and some of the plans and means for carrying out that service are the development of the Church Service League in parishes, the Auxiliary branches working in or through these units; the publication of a detailed program for the work of parish branches along all lines of work; the introduction of the "Prayer Partnership Plan" which has been used successfully in Canada; a plan for training "Women Messengers" who may do evangelistic work, especially in rural communities; plans for supervising the training of our volunteers, and, in connection with this the possibility of a house near headquarters where those volunteers and missionaries on furlough may stay, as well as the possibility of establishing a school for training deaconesses and women workers of the Negro race.

And finally we dare to say, although writing before the meeting, that the delegates left Portland eager to take up their old and new work. The Auxiliary will stand, as it always has, for the Mission of the Church, realizing that the field is the world. We shall do all we can to help our fellow Churchwomen understand the privilege which they may have in this service at home and abroad, for we shall *add* Christian social service and religious education to our missionary service and therefore look forward to even better and greater work than that which the Auxiliary has rendered in the fifty-one years of its history.

GRACE LINDLEY.

The United Thank Offering
of the Woman's Auxiliary for the
General Convention of 1922!

What an outward and visible
^{an inward and}
Sign of ~~inner~~ Spiritual Grace
it is!

It spells Sympathy,
It visualizes Comradeship,
It Embodies Faith,
It changes Hope from a whisper to a clarion call,
It adds Love to be the abiding
Crown of Everlasting Life,

This age of the world is summoning ~~man~~
woman even more than heretofore to the re-
sponsibilities and sacrifices of human life.

She will respond, thank God, Never fear
for her.

The discipline of the Home and the
discipline of the Church have trained her
natural intuitions for wholesome service
in the discipline of the State,

David J. Tuttle
Presiding Bishop



SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

OUR Father, Who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

THERE is no line of ancestry so great as the long list of Christian missionaries. . . . The beacon hills of all the ages, from whose high tops the light of truth has flashed from peak to peak around the world, are the mission stations.—WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, 1864.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, bless, we pray Thee, our work for the extension of Thy Kingdom, and make us so thankful for the precious gift to us of Thy beloved Son, that we may pray fervently, labour diligently and give liberally to make Him known to all nations as their God and Saviour. We ask this for His dear sake. *Amen.*

THE aim and purpose of the Woman's Auxiliary have no limit save the limit of the need of missionary work and the dawn of that day when time and opportunity for work will be over.—MARY A. EMERY, 1874.

THE UNITED THANK OFFERING

OUR LORD, our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee to send forth more labourers into Thy harvest, and to grant them Thy special grace for every need. Guard and guide the workers in the field, and draw us into closer fellowship with them. Dispose the hearts of all women everywhere to give gladly as Thou hast given to them. Accept from grateful hearts, our United Thank Offering of prayer and gifts and joyful service; and bless it to the coming of Thy Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE United Thank Offering. Truly there is nothing like it! So spontaneous, so simple, so sublime! Blessed are all they who have a part therein.—BISHOP BURLESON.

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THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE AUDITORIUM
General Convention, Portland, Oregon, September 6, 1922

THE OPENING SERVICE OF GENERAL CONVENTION OF 1922

Owing to the fact that the Convention is being held close to the shore of the Pacific, while the publication office of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS is on the Atlantic coast, only brief mention of this great Convention can be made in this issue. In November we shall publish a Convention Number, fully illustrated.

THE forty-seventh General Convention of our Church began at half-past seven on the morning of September the sixth with a corporate communion of the House of Bishops and the House of clerical and lay Deputies in Trinity Church, Portland, Oregon. At ten o'clock what is known as the opening service was held in the civic Auditorium, a building occupying an entire city block. It was an occasion not to be forgotten by those who were present and THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS would try to give to its readers who were not so privileged some little idea of the solemnity and beauty of this historic service.

Spacious as the great hall is it was none too large for the crowds which began to pour in an hour before the time set for the service, but owing to the excellent arrangements of the Portland committee in charge there was no confusion. Long before ten every seat from floor to roof was occupied. The wide stage, set with a woodland scene banked at either side with masses of flowers, provided ample room for the choir of some two hundred-and-fifty voices and the one hundred-and-eighty bishops.

Almost on the stroke of ten the organ pealed out the opening notes of *The Son of God Goes Forth to War*, and the procession entered headed by the united vested choirs of Portland, preceded by the Cross, followed by the Flag. As the choirs took their places at the rear of the stage the bishops entered in the order of their consecration, those youngest in the episcopate first. As they reached the stairs leading to the stage they halted and formed into two lines. Down the aisle thus formed came the beloved and venerable Presiding Bishop of the Church, Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, escorted by Bishop Sumner, of Oregon, the host of the Convention. As Bishop Tuttle passed the lines closed in after him so that the bishops reached their seats on the stage in the order of their seniority.

It was a striking picture for among the bishops of our own Church were representatives of the Canadian, Serbian, Syrian and Greek Churches, the latter in the beautiful vestments of their Communion. Viewed as a spectacle alone it was most impressive, but to those who were gathered together for the love they bore their Church it was much more. As the closing notes of the second processional hymn, *Ancient of Days, Who Sittest Throned in Glory*, died away and the opening sentence, "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same My Name shall be great among the Gentiles" rang out in sonorous tones, many hearts were full of thankfulness that they were permitted to have a part, however unworthy a one, in making that Name known.

The high plane of reverence and gratitude to which the people present had been lifted was maintained throughout the service. The preacher of the day, the Bishop of Newark, held the attention of the vast congregation for an hour.

A special word of appreciation must be given to those who had charge of the music. It was evident that much time and thought had been given to it and the result was a beautiful and dignified service.

THE GREAT DAY OF THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

THE CORPORATE COMMUNION

THE second day of General Convention is always the great day of the women of the Church. In the early morning of that day, after making their corporate communion, there is laid on the altar the result of three years' self-denial and work and sacrifice of women in all parts of these United States, in our Island possessions, in the Far East and in all other countries where our Church is at work. Trinity Church in Portland, Oregon, was more than filled on the morning of September seventh with the women who had come to make their twelfth United Thank Offering. The celebrant was the venerable Presiding Bishop, the Right Reverend

Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, D.D., D.C.L. As is customary the offering was presented in the historic gold alms basin which was the gift of members of the University of Oxford to our Church.

We had hoped to show our readers a picture of Miss Lindley handing the offering to Bishop Tuttle on the steps of the church after the service was over, but the Portland authorities, in their anxiety that all should go well with us, had instructed their detectives to take charge of the offering before it left the church, and our good intentions were frustrated. We *do* show you the women leaving the church. [See frontispiece.]

THE MASS MEETING

All day the one thought of the women was "How much did we give?" There was a tension in the air which intensified as the time drew near for the mass meeting in the evening at which the amount would be made known. Long before eight o'clock the auditorium was filled. Bishop Sumner and Bishop Tuttle welcomed the gathering. Bishop Tuttle said that the dollars and cents gathered in the United Thank Offering is God's money, and being God's money there is sanctity in it. "With the women's help and the women's sympathy and the women's prayers and the women's sacred money we thank God and take courage."

"I am sure," said the chairman, Bishop Lloyd, "I express the mind of this whole company when I say we thank God for Bishop Tuttle."

The first thing on the program was rightly a tribute to the memory of Miss Julia C. Emery by Bishop Lloyd, who had been closely associated with her in her work for more than twenty years. We regret that space does not allow us to give Bishop Lloyd's words in full:

Julia Chester Emery: Bishop Lloyd:

It is my high privilege to put into words the thought that I know has been uppermost in the mind of everyone assembled here since the beginning of this meeting—thanksgiving to God for the wonderful example and inspiration and courage she brought to us, of His servant, Julia Chester Emery. That name will go down in the annals of the American Church as a rare exhibit, not of what a woman can do, but of what the ser-

The Great Day of the Women of the Church

vant of Jesus Christ, inspired by His Spirit and given of His courage, can lead her fellow-servants to undertake.

When Miss Emery as a young girl went into the office of the General Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, that was a small company of faithful people gathered together from hither and yon in God's Church in America to devise means by which they might help forward the pioneers of the Gospel of Christ. When Miss Emery was relieved of the burden of her day's work and promoted to the service in His very presence, that Auxiliary had grown to be the very most potent factor in the life of the American Church. Whatever there is of largeness of view, of courage in endeavor, of clear vision of the future, of purpose to go forward until the Christ reigns in our land, is largely due to the persistent and unwearying effort of the women who are bound together under the name of the Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. If the peace and quietness and fellowship and good will with which the King's business was forwarded was perhaps the most notable thing in the Auxiliary's life, I believe that it was largely due to that quiet and unassuming and shy personality who was at once your loved leader and the heart of your purpose.

I have watched her as she smilingly went up against the troubles that almost made my heart faint, going on steadily and patiently and as sweetly as though the whole Church understood and was ready to support her. I have watched her in the hour when all that she hoped for had been accomplished—and she herself largely responsible for the accomplishment—and the same quiet gentleness and unobtrusive shyness controlled her as though she had nothing to do with it. I declare to you that the best gift God gave us in that remarkable woman was that astonishing quietness and

serenity that came of the knowledge of her Lord. This one thing always impressed me concerning her—she never spoke as one who believed something; she never went forward as an advocate of a cause; every word and act was of one who knew her Lord and loved Him and whose whole purpose was to commend Him to those she loved. I wonder if it would not enrich us all if we would emphasize that one word in her character and strive to emulate the astonishing way in which she demonstrated what St. Paul meant when he said "I know in Whom I have trusted."

In introducing Bishop Mikell, of Atlanta, who spoke for the South, the chairman said: "It is the custom at this meeting to try to get glimpses of the work the Church is doing here and there in order to comfort our hearts, and especially for the satisfaction that the women may have in knowing that their sacrifices have been worthwhile."

The South: Bishop Mikell: It is not inappropriate that I have been asked to speak here for the first Bishop of Oregon, Thomas Fielding Scott, came from my own diocese. Look about you for the result of his work for he laid the foundations in this part of the great Northwest. But Bishop Scott was not the only contribution of the South to the mission field, the first bishop of China, the first bishop of Japan, the historic Stuck of Alaska and many others, went to their fields from the South.

But the South needs our help. The Church is weak and unknown in some places. The chief problem is the rural problem just as it is in the Middle West. Many think the solution of this problem lies with the clergy. We must be willing to live on Main Street in the little towns and win the confidence of the community. In the Du Bose Training School we take men without full academic training

and fit them for the work of building up the Church in the rural community.

Two of our problems are so great and so difficult that we do ask the aid of the whole Church for them—the Southern Mountaineers and the Negro work. In the Southern Mountains there is a population twice as great as that of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona combined. Education and religion, except in its most grotesque form, have passed them by. They are content to be let alone but we are not content to leave them alone.

For the work among our Negroes I would refer you to Bishop Bratton's notable book *Wanted, Leaders*. Do not think that the leaders of the Church in the South are indifferent when acts of injustice are done to the weaker race. The leaders are giving their minds to the problem of how two races can live side by side under conditions that will enable them to keep their own self-respect.

Bishop Moulton of Utah next made a fervent presentment of the opportunities of the great West.

The West: Bishop Moulton: Down in Utah they have a day which they call Pioneers' Day, the twenty-fourth of July, when all work ceases and everybody celebrates. I think they mean our great pioneer bishop, Bishop Tuttle, the first Bishop of Utah, the first Bishop of Montana, and the first Bishop of Idaho. When he walked along the streets of Salt Lake City one day one of the Mormon bishops said to him, "We bishops must stand together." When I realize what the first Bishop of Utah had to go through and when I know what the present Bishop of Utah has to go through, I take off my hat to him.

In the scale of education and all that is connoted by the term education, Utah stands second. Why? Because Bishop Tuttle went there and

founded schools. What diocese do you suppose stands first? Montana. Why? Because Bishop Tuttle went there and founded schools and I haven't any doubt that Idaho stands third.

The opportunities for the Church in the West are, like everything else in the West, the biggest you ever saw. There are as many opportunities for the Church in the West as there are bishops in Utah. The West is developing more rapidly than any other section of the United States. We used to call the West materialistic. Well, why shouldn't it be? The people who came out here first came to dig gold and coal out of the earth—they came out to make a living. The only section of the West that was founded from a religious motive was the Imperial Diocese of Utah and the Church of that time in Utah has grown into the greatest of commercial and material structures. The promise of the West lies in the fact that unlike the East and the South and some portions of the North, the West is still in its youth, and youth is always a period, is it not, of rare promise? The West is materialistic all right, but therein lies our opportunity. The West is plastic and youthful and romantic, and therein lies our opportunity. Perhaps the West is materialistic and irreligious; I know some other sections of the country not unlike it; but every single bishop who works in the West will agree with me when I say that underneath that materialism of the West there is a tremendous spiritual note.

The West has promise of fabulous wealth. We are going to capture that wealth and divert it into the paths of righteousness. I see the Christ in the vision that every man of spiritual vision in the West has—I see the Christ walking along these wide streets, trudging along those great stretches, picking his way along the desert, going down into the mines. Let us, my

The Great Day of the Women of the Church

friends, rise up in the majesty of our Faith and push forward the Gospel of Christ in this plastic, youthful, romantic West.

The next speaker, Dr. W. C. Sturgis, Educational Secretary of the Department of Missions, fairly carried his audience off their feet by his eloquent appeal for the masses in the Far East.

The Orient: Dr. Sturgis: I have been impressed with the thought that here in Portland what we call the Far East is really the Near West. No one who follows the course of human history can fail to realize that the Orient is nearer to us than it has ever been before as the shuttle of commerce weaves back and forth over the ocean that separates us.

There are three things about the Orient which I want to impress on you tonight, its mass, its location and the leaven of the Church in that mass. One can only speak in unbelievable figures of the mass of the Orient. I think of the eight hundred millions of people constituting the Orient, one-half the total population of this globe, and then I think that that immense mass is located in what we call the power belt of the world, between the twenty-fifth and fifty-fifth degrees of north latitude. In that belt are all the great powers of the world and as sure as God is in heaven those Orient peoples will within two generations take their places among the great powers of the earth.

And then the Church that leavens that mass. I spent eight months in the Orient and I came back feeling that I had spent eight months in the Church of the First Century. There is nothing like it on earth anywhere else. Of the 15,000 men and women and children who suffered torture and death in the Boxer uprising in China, only two per cent apostatized, ninety-eight per cent met death! Get down on your knees and thank God that

He has permitted you to do this great work for Him in the Far East. . . . Only one overwhelming dread comes over me, lest through my ignorance and indifference I have no share in those great factors that are to win the Far East for our Lord. Can't you see it? Can't you rise to it? God help us!

A novel feature of the meeting was the presentation to the audience by Dr. John W. Wood of missionaries from the foreign and domestic fields who were seated on the platform. In his own happy way Dr. Wood asked each one to stand up in turn and be introduced. Among them was Miss Cornwall-Legh who has done such a wonderful work among lepers in Japan.

And now the time had arrived for the climax of the evening, the announcement of the amount of the United Thank Offering. In advance of this event the treasurer, Mr. Lewis B. Franklin, said that two offerings of lives had been made, both from the diocese of Western New York. Mr. Franklin told the women that he would not keep them waiting but he wanted to tell them how generously they had given during the past three years. He estimated that not less than \$500,000 had been given to the general work of the Church in addition to the United Thank Offering. Mr. Tompkins, the assistant treasurer, had prepared an ingenious device, a screen in the shape of a pyramid, on which he slowly unrolled the twelve United Thank Offerings, beginning with \$2,188 in 1889. As he reached the last line and there came to view the figures:

\$669,126.00

there was a simultaneous gasp of relief and delight all over the house, and with the singing of the Doxology and the Benediction from Bishop Tuttle the great day of the women of the Church came to an end.



A LITTLE NURSE MAID IN KORIYAMA
"Surely to her, too, we may stretch out our hands"



GROWING UP FOR THE KINDERGARTEN

THE NEW KINDERGARTEN IN KORIYAMA

By Marietta Ambler, U. T. O.

IN the country town of Koriyama, ten minutes beyond Nara, Japan, the new kindergarten building is up at last, brimming over with youngsters. There have been mothers' meetings and parties and festivities innumerable, and bright spring days, busy with the fun of planning and arranging things in our new quarters, but in the army of neglected things have been the letters one might have written to those at home who have done so much to make this building we used to dream about a grand reality. If in these pages, however, I can give some little glimpse of how we moved in, of what your help has meant to us, and of our high hopes for the days to come, perhaps I may be forgiven.

Now that the deed is done, one looks back and quite enjoys what once seemed tragedies connected with the building and our final installation into

the new Koriyama kindergarten, because in Japan, by some happy fortune, tragedies are so linked with comedies that one half forgets whether to cry or to laugh!

Most of our tragedies began and ended with carpenters—Japanese carpenters may be noted for their skill, but never for their swiftness, and when one is told that the great occupation in Koriyama is the raising of gold fish, one might surmise that Koriyama carpenters take life in a peculiarly leisurely fashion. Building a house in this part of the world seems more or less a matter of moods, and, if the mood for work is off, building is only sandwiched in now and then between tea and a friendly smoke and gossip.

So it happened that after great vicissitudes over getting the property, great agitation over drawing the plans, and even greater agitation in redrawing



THE REVEREND G. NAKAMURA AND HIS SISTER

them to be in keeping with the funds, our next excitement was how to get the carpenters to build!

It seemed wise to issue an ultimatum, stating the day on which we intended to have our first celebration in the new building, so the day was set. It was to be February the eleventh. *Kigensetsu*, the day celebrated throughout Japan as the founding of the empire, for on that day the rebels were subdued, and *Jimmu tenno* became the first emperor. It will stand out, however, in my memory, as the day on which the carpenters were subdued and we came into possession of our house.

To be quite honest, in spite of our ultimatum some of us had our doubts as to whether, after all, we would get in so early, but Mr. Nakamura, our native clergyman, with the air of a

victor, was never disturbed, and with this air he escorted me on February the tenth, the day before *Kigensetsu*, to view our new premises, preparatory to moving in. Even a Pollyanna's optimism would have been shaken a little at the spectacle that presented itself as we appeared. The floor was not finished, the windows were not in, the walls were damp, and, worst of all, the carpenters were resting, as usual, as if they had years instead of one short day to get ready for us. However despondent the rest of us might have been, however, Mr. Nakamura was quite magnificent—"Of course, we shall move in today," he assured everybody, particularly the carpenters, who suddenly began rushing around, working in every direction like the proverbial hive of bees. "The only way to get the kindergarten built is to move in on the carpenters," he explained, "they'll never finish if we don't move in on them"!

"But the walls are still rather damp for the children, Mr. Nakamura," I expostulated, visualizing infants with fearful colds marring the glory of our new beginning. "It's just as damp out doors when it rains, and they are out there," he said, comforting me somewhat as the sagacious caterpillar might have replied to Alice in Wonderland, but life was too serious then to smile! As a matter of fact, sunny days soon dried out the walls and the children were far too excited to keep still long enough to inhale any dampness!

And so we prepared to move, sending the children home from the old building on tiptoe with excitement over their prospects of the next day. Then began the sorting of material, and the hauling out of everything from the dark recesses of our cupboard room, a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta which somehow always preserved rubbish and was, of course, the happy hunting ground for rats.

We did not move altogether efficiently—indeed, we moved in rather a



THE SUNNY YARD OF THE NEW KINDERGARTEN

primitive manner, because we did most of the moving ourselves, except for the heaviest things. But, after all, to go trotting up the village street, or country road, bearing dishes and other odds and ends, was rather fun!

We went in relays, the old kindergarten caretaker trudging along with a pack on her back, which she seemed to consider an easier or more dignified way to travel than to carry a bundle under her arm. Some stayed in the new building sweeping and straightening things up, and long before sunset we were practically all moved. The carpenters were undoubtedly impressed. They worked as if under a spell—and the next day we were informed that they had labored until late at night putting window panes in by lamplight.

Long before the kindergarten hour on February the eleventh, the children had begun to assemble, and to run all over the big circle room, as if they discovered a fascinating race course. As yet, we had no fence, so any one wandering down the road was sure to stop or wander in, and for the children of the primary school, next door, we ap-

peared to be the excitement of the year. Indeed, for days their little faces were pressed up close against our windows, or later one opened the door to find them gazing in just outside the improvised wire fence, with older people looking on quite as interested over their shoulders. To have so many on-lookers was the sort of experience which leaves one with a tender bond of sympathy for the poor old lion in the zoo, who can hardly give a solemn wink without the crowd staring in absorbed interest, but, perhaps after all, it was a good advertisement for us!

And so we celebrated *Kigensetsu*, and our new beginning. First with the children in the big circle room with windows enough to make up for every ray of sunshine we ever lost in the old building, and, after the children had gone, in the adjoining smaller matted room. Here on week-days the youngest class sit on their heels before low tables for work time, and here on Sundays the little congregation meets for Morning and Evening Prayer. On Sundays two sliding doors disappear from one side of the matted room, and

The New Kindergarten in Koriyama

we have our chancel to make it really a place of worship. Opening out from this room, moreover, is a tiny vestry room on one side and a kitchen on the other, where we may make tea *ad infinitum* or keep utensils for cooking.

The second celebration on *Kigen-setsu* was for the Christians and took the form of a service, a kind of Thanksgiving, and one of the nicest things of the whole day was to see their joy and keen interest in the building which belongs to them as well as to the children.

We are only a handful of Christians here, as yet, and we were only a handful that day, but our hymns were big! Some of our best hymns have been translated into Japanese. I remember particularly singing that day, *Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken, Zion, City of Our God*, and of that Glorious City surely we were a tiny part! And so our first day passed in great content; a content which has grown all through the spring, as one by one things were set in order, pictures hung, and here and there a piece of new equipment put in to match the newness of the rooms. It isn't quite all paid for yet. And there are cupboards, of course, and other things we need, but for these we are not afraid to wait, for we have a building really up which can weather wind and rain, a white fence, and a pretty gate, and on the south a yard so persuasive with sunshine, one can hardly conceive of any seed being so disagreeable as not to sprout!

It has been quite a joint affair—this building—for the people of the town, appreciative of what American grown-ups and children had done to help, wished to add their mite and contributed some five or six hundred dollars. They took an interest, moreover, in the yard. Somebody sent cherry trees, wistaria was promised for a shady arbor, and a grandfather appeared one day bearing potted morning glories. The kindergarten mothers gave a bazaar to help towards equipment. A

bazaar in up-to-date Tokyo might have been a natural occurrence, but in Koriyama it was our very first and great was the anxiety as to its success. It *was* a success, however, not that we amassed a princely sum, but because the mothers, who come in the main from small shops and busy places, put into it their time and a real part of themselves—enough to give them a little feeling of possession in our work.

It is in large measure because of this warm feeling, which seems to have grown more and more between the town and the kindergarten through the building and arranging of our new domain, that we have such high hopes for the future. The mothers are becoming so accustomed to coming to the kindergarten, that to come to that same building some Sunday for the service and to sit in the matted room which we use for mothers' meetings will not seem a very strange and difficult plunge after all. The matted room is already proving to be a delightful acquisition, for it is really Japanese, and, however much Japan may have adopted Western ways, for country women, at least, sitting in state on a stiff bench or chair is not to be compared with the solid comfort of sitting on your feet in a cozy heap on the floor and thus conversing in a friendly fashion. In this room during the fall we hope to begin a special class for the mothers and other women who wish to study more about Christianity, of which they hear something at mothers' meetings or from their children. The children themselves, who leave the kindergarten to enter the government primary school next door, may come back too on Sunday mornings, sure of a spot in the new building for them in Sunday School, and in this way, as well as through meetings now and then with the elder kindergarten graduates, the Church may hope to keep in touch with the children as they grow up.

Having moved so near the primary school, moreover, we are making our



INQUISITIVE NEIGHBORS

The public school children gazing at the new kindergarten

maiden effort this year to get in touch with the school teachers, and, at least, be neighborly. We broke the ice, as it were, with a party, a party with something to drink and children's games, sent to us for the most part from America, to help in entertaining. Sitting down in various groups all over the rooms, we set ourselves to the business of Tiddly Winks and Dominoes, and others of that family of games. For some of us in America they may be ancient history, quite laid aside for bridge, but things are different here. I remember the principal of the primary school himself leaning over the organ cheering on a thrilling game of parlor croquet.

There is another humbler class of persons who must not be forgotten, for they too belong to our kindergarten world. They are the family servants or the nursemaids—often young things with screwed-up knots of hair, hardly more than children themselves—who take as keen an interest in the kindergarten games as any youngster in the

ring. Bringing a child to kindergarten, with often a younger baby on her back, the little nursemaid stays sometimes for the opening service of the day, or comes later, bringing hot rice from home, and waiting perhaps just long enough to see the kindergarten getting ready for lunch time. Little faces are all agog; every one is hungry; but before we take our chopsticks to begin, there is a prayer. To thank God for our daily food is a new idea to the little nursemaid—surely to her too we may stretch out our hands.

It is a great and splendid chance which lies before us, not in this village alone, but in every mission kindergarten in Japan, for if we are only faithful here, and you at home, in prayer for us, the Christian kindergarten can be a gate where those of many classes and many ages may enter in and find The Way. God grant it may be a sunny gate, forever open wide, where little children may lead the way into that Shining Country, which is The Kingdom of God.



THE JUNIOR AUXILIARY AT THE MISSION IN DANTE, VIRGINIA



DEACONESS WILLIAMS AND SOME OF HER PUPILS

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN DANTE, VIRGINIA

By Deaconess Maria P. Williams, U. T. O.

"DORIE, show Miss Deakness your Deakness doll."

Very shyly the little nine-year-old produced the rag doll, made of an old sugar "poke," dressed in blue, white collar and cuffs, and a white cap—all her own idea and a very good imitation! When she found "Miss Deakness" knew something of rag dolls, another one of her family was produced, attired in a most cleverly made coat. No wonder we felt that here was talent that must not be neglected. Three years later we asked the mother to let us send Dorie away to a Church School where she would be taught not only "school larnin'" but cooking, sewing and all the things that make for Christian living, for she lives out in the country where there are no chances for a girl. But, like most of the mothers of the hills, she could not bear to be parted from her children.

However, she said she would leave it to Dorie. Dorie came the next day, still a tiny thing with great solemn eyes and much dignity:

"Dorie, do you think your mother will let you go off to school?"

"I AIMS to go."

"You know you will have to stay until you are eighteen, and you will get very homesick."

"Yessum, I knows that, but when I gits over bein' homesick, I'll be jes' as happy there as I am at home. En if I don' git no education, I'll jes' be over the washtub all my life like Mommy and Sister—en if I learn things I kin take care of Mommy so she won't have to work so hard."

A week later Dorie and I left on her first railway journey. She came to the house with only two-year-old Billy—who wanted to go too—very quiet and solemn. "Deakness," she said, "I lef'



SOME OF THE BOYS WHO COME TO SUNDAY SCHOOL

Mommy a-cryin'—but they all does that, don't they? And she'll soon stop, won't she?"

If we had our own Church school in the mountains, it wouldn't be necessary to send a child like this so far away.

Five years ago a girl took for granted that she would marry as soon as she could "git her a man"—indeed, she and some boy her own age were often "talking" before she reached High School. They wanted nothing else and knew nothing else. We helped to send some of the girls to a Church school and now it is the accepted thing that the girls complete High School anyway. This year we are to have one of these girls teaching in the schools here. These are the girls whose mothers married when they were fourteen and fifteen! Why the change? Because our Church has brought to them other interests, and they have found out that marriage is not the only way of serving and being happy. Even the little Juniors are scornful of the young Hindoo bride when they hear the story of her youthful marriage. The contrast between our girls and their kith and kin back on the Ridge is very striking.

In May the Juniors were thrilled at giving a play for the Woman's Auxiliary, in which they took the parts of children from other lands, who told what United Thank Offering missionaries are doing for them. Then our Thank Offering for the past six months, \$53.67, was handed to the diocesan custodian by the two "least uns", dressed as nurse and deaconess. The offering had previously been presented at the church at the time of our corporate communion.

If there are any who doubt that the U. T. O. worker is the happiest in the world, let them come to the mountains and see for themselves!



THE MISSION HOUSE



THE CHILDREN OF THE HOME GOING FOR AN OUTING

ANOTHER YEAR IN THE CANAL ZONE

By Estelle S. Royce, U. T. O.

I AM reminded that a report of what Saint Paul would term "our affairs" within this missionary district of the Panama Canal Zone is expected from me; "about a thousand words" the direction is. It will be just a letter, not a formidable report, about very modest doings, to that great body of women who, by their prayers, sympathy and money have sent the United Thank Offering workers into the field, giving me and them the joy of service.

What wonderful opportunities for service there are everywhere! Could they be seen personally I have often felt there would be no lack of tenders of help! If, for instance, some of our larger parishes could see to it that some one missionary were relieved during the vacation period—in the school,

in the hospital, in the home of the mission field—what a flood of inspiration would come upon the home Church! My own experience has been so happy that I feel I must tell it as a part of my report.

Last year I attended the Wellesley Conference and was permitted to tell about the work on the Isthmus of Panama. Not only did I secure the help of a permanent assistant, Miss Edith A. Shaw, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, but also Miss Alice Lightbourn (of Pittsfield, too) volunteered to come this year for four months so that both Miss Shaw and I could each have two months' rest. She is with us now enjoying to the utmost the work, laying up stores of impressions for the future—a missionary both to



THE CONGREGATION AND SUNDAY SCHOOL OF SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH

the Isthmus and *from* the Isthmus! To the Church in Pittsfield we are under great obligations and I would hold it up for emulation.

A year ago I made a detailed report of our Children's Home, the work with which I am particularly charged, now in its third year. With the help of Miss Shaw it has been found possible, and also necessary, to enlarge somewhat the work. We are now housed in a larger building and we have a capacity for twenty-four children. It is a real, sure-enough home that we seek to give them and we are happy in believing that we are succeeding. Most of the children speak only Spanish when they come to us and their first lesson in English is the saying of their prayers. To her other accomplishments Miss Shaw adds that of music and she has trained the voices of the little ones so that we are now able to have a sung vesper service, conducted by either the bishop, the arch-deacon, or the Reverend F. C. Meredith.

During the past year there has been a great amount of distress on the Isthmus, as in other parts of the world

among the poor of the larger cities. The West Indian population felt it very keenly and there were many efforts put forth to relieve the distress in a measure by government and by Church agencies, and we feel proud of the record of our own Church. We rented four rooms in a tenement building in one of the most congested parts of Panama and there opened a soup kitchen. Upwards of 200 children were fed daily with a bowl of rich wholesome soup and a generous accompaniment of bread, frequently with an addition of sugar-cane or bananas. At this writing the situation has improved and the work has been discontinued. The work was supported by gifts from all sides—upwards of \$1,500 being contributed—and I, having been appointed to supervise the work, was assisted by Miss Shaw and many women of the Church (and some who were not) and particularly by the faithful and devoted services of the Reverend A. F. Nightengale, of Saint Paul's Church, Panama.

Saint Paul's Church, Panama, has a congregation composed mostly of West Indian negroes who had come to



PANAMA. THE REVEREND A. F. NIGHTENGALE STANDS AT THE RIGHT

the Isthmus because of the construction of the Panama Canal. The congregations are always large, but because of inadequate accommodations the Church School has numbered less than 200. With an enrollment of seventeen teachers, sometimes less than ten would be present—too few for the number of children, small as that number might be in comparison with the number who should attend. There was a lack also of lesson leaflets or lesson books. The teaching, such as it was, was on proper and fundamental things—the Catechism and the weekly Collects—and was largely memory work for recitation. I was asked to visit it and, to my surprise, I found a beautifully-conducted school, orderly, reverent and faithfully doing its best under adverse circumstances. With the bishop's help, the Woman's Auxiliary was converted for the time being into a teachers' training class. The Church Periodical Club sent us 300 graded lesson books as soon as the need was made known. Monthly visits are made to the school, and I take the position of catechist, trying to stimulate by story, talk and reward.

If I may be permitted to summarize in a few words the work of your United Offering Worker during the past year I would say that it has been on behalf of the entire district at the Children's Home, on behalf of the community at the soup kitchen and the day nursery which was organized at the same time, and on behalf of a particular parish.

Few happenings during the past year have given me more pleasure than the sending of the very first thank-offering of all the women of all the churches of this district (not including the missions in the neighboring republic of Colombia). Their offering was \$328.90, and to it should be added \$60 contributed to the Julia C. Emery Fund. Neither is a large sum, to be sure, but the offering is significant and symbolic. We feel we are a necessary part of a great national Church and that this district, as all the other districts and dioceses, missions and parishes, in the home field and in the foreign field, is working for one supremely great cause—the advancement of the Kingdom. It makes one very proud and very thankful.



AMERICAN RIVER

The first discovery of gold in California was made on this river

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

By Deaconess A. I. Clark, U. T. O.

WRITING in California, a few miles from the place where gold was first discovered, working not very far from the great "Mother Lode", may one not legitimately take "color" from such an environment when one replies to a request to depict one's work? May not one do so in terms derived from that romantic period of '49 which gave this northern part of the state its positively explosive start, a start which stamped a character upon the country which is still discernible and which affects that work? It seems appropriate.

The Claim is of course the first thing to consider. It is the field in which the work is done, the place where we *prospect*, and *dig*, and *pan out* our dirt or gravel, and where we find our dust and *nuggets*. Our Claim ranks amongst the largest in the United States, though there are a few that are larger. How large is it? Well, if one leaves out the dioceses of Vermont and Connecticut, it is larger than the whole remaining territory of the First Province. We could take inside this Claim the dioceses of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Western Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and there would still be five hundred square miles to stretch in. Or the diocese of Connecticut could be put into our Claim ten times and we would still have twenty-six hundred square miles left over. Yes, it is large. And it is also very beautiful—our diocese of Sacramento.

Prospecting in such a large claim must be continuous. Whether done by a forty-niner, or by a priest, deaconess, United Thank Offering worker, or other missionary, it is an essential process to the finding of gold. The lay of the land, the fall of the stream, the kind of rock—in other words, the en-

vironment, heredity, and tradition, all have to be taken into consideration. The miner, or the missionary, must explore the field, observe, dig, test, and try, and try again, before the shining particles are made available for use in the progress of the world.

Digging must be done as the Claim is worked. Treasure does not lie on the surface, even in the Land of Gold. It is buried within the hard rocks of materialism, buried in the narrow canyons of selfishness, buried beneath the fast-flowing waters of pleasure. Similar conditions are found in other Claims, but it seems as though the rocks here were harder, the waters swifter, the canyons narrower. It can be accounted for. Materialism was set on a pinnacle in California during the Gold Rush. That gave the first "strong impulse" to the hard, materialistic ideal, and it persists, in larger measure than in other places, because it has been continuously reinforced by the many fortunes which have been easily made during the short seventy years that have passed since that time. Where seventy-five per cent of the people come from other places and possibly fifty per cent are transient, the lack of stability naturally tends to laxity of public opinion and to narrow self-centered neglect of others. Nature here flings her prolific beauties and temptations broadcast the year round, and it insidiously develops a pleasure-loving and self-indulgent spirit. Nevertheless the gold is here, richly, only we have to work longer to bring it to the surface, and possibly we miss it more often. But when it is won and put to use in the service of the Kingdom it is a treasure indeed—that spirit of enterprise and vigor and joy which permeates the California character.

Panning, or washing out the gravel is carried on all the time. The valueless material proves itself too light when it is put to the test, and it slips over the edge of the pan. I am so busy—My club takes all my spare time—The fruit season—It is not in my line—Sunday is my only free day—I don't know enough—The chickens, the men and the milk—I teach all the week—We take a run into the country every Sunday—Guests so often drop in—over they go one after another!

Nuggets!! There they are, left at the bottom of the pan, shining with a brightness of which they are all unaware. The layman who single-handed, unencouraged, keeps the little church clean and the school of fifteen or so still taught as month succeeds month since the missionary left the field—and this after a hard week's labor! The banker who faithfully reads the service week by week to the tiny "church" in like circumstances; the laywomen (two or three of these, but not as many, oh, not as many by a great deal as we need) who, rain or shine, open the lonely little church and teach their five or seven or seventeen, with a rare visit from a missionary to cheer them. One of these has been sharing the six-mile walk with her pupils because some of them were little. Every other week she would go to them and on alternate weeks they would come to her, all through the winter and the hot early summer, until the week that her own baby boy was born. Another nugget, God bless her, too, has a small home, a small daughter, and a small husband, and she keeps them all fed and clean and mended. She also makes the clothes, dresses and hats for herself and the little one. She clerks in a store half of every day. She is a "club-woman," too, and faithfully does her share of the duties connected with it. But Sunday after Sunday she mounts the steps of her kindergarten class, with a smile on her lips (and usually a song, too), lesson in her mind, and love for her babies in

her heart. No wonder one of them whispered to her in church, "I'd like to live with you." She is on time, too, though one Sunday she laughingly told her superintendent that she had cooked breakfast for fourteen that morning! "Guests" did not keep her away. She enjoys doing it, do you say? Of course, she does! Don't you hear the words echoing down the years, "That they might have My joy fulfilled in themselves"?

Gold-Dust. Ah, that is the blessed children of the Claim, with their varied services and indications of usefulness. Four specks glint in the pan when, after a long afternoon helping the deaconess, four girls, the last to leave, say they want to be deaconesses! A larger grain is seen when three years later one of them, now in the senior class, says she is going to be a deaconess. Other grains are caught sight of when several members of a group of young people glance at one of their number at an unpremeditated mention of some aspect of the ministry, and at the same time another boy who has aimed at that vocation for years exchanges a meaningful look with a chum who has said, "No, not for me!" Three possible clergymen in one pan. A rich yield, is it not? Or that girl who sticks to an oft-repeated duty when she intensely desires to go to a high school contest and resists the enticements presented by two of her friends who do leave. Small matters? Yes. But one grain of gold can be drawn into a wire 500 feet long, or formed into leaves which will cover a surface fifty-six inches square. And who shall say what God will make of these grains of gold-dust? "When men do anything for God, the very least thing, they never know where it will end, nor what amount of work it will do for Him. Love's secret, therefore, is to be always doing little things for God, and not to mind because they are very little ones." So says Faber. That girl did not note that any one knew what she



SUTTER FORT, 1839

did but the chums she offended. She did not dream that it would be written about. In her wildest imagination she could never think that you in Albuquerque, and you in Saint Paul, and you in New York, and perhaps even further, would be cheered and strengthened to the doing of your monotonous tasks by the tiny thing she did in the diocese of Sacramento!

Romance. Delight in the strange, fascinating, picturesque, says the dictionary. Those days of '49 fully earned the description, and so in truth does my work, too. Certainly I have found delight in it, it has been fascinating, it is even picturesque, though possibly in a somewhat "cubist" fashion. "Educational Secretary" does not suggest these terms, does it? One pictures an office with desk, filing cabinets, card catalogues, shelves of reference books on methods and materials for the various branches of Religious Education, sample exhibits, maps, charts, posters,

and pictures. And necessarily a good Yale lock to the door. The secretary is on hand at regular hours, attends to the mail, advises with teachers, assists their browsing among the books, samples, exhibits, etc. There are teacher training and mission study classes, meetings to be addressed, Church Schools to visit and help, mission schools to stimulate, new ones to start. But being practically a Westerner my picture was nearer the truth, yet it has turned a somersault. At least an office and an exhibit were planned for. But the "office" in use serves for the senior class Sunday mornings, for the ladies' guild Tuesday afternoons, for the Boy Scouts Wednesday evenings, for the young people's society Friday nights. To fill up the measure it is used as a cloak room for dances, and a meeting place for committees at various odd times. There is no Yale lock!

This particular *prospector* is a deaconess, a missionary, the educational



STATUE TO THE MAN WHO ACCIDENTALLY
DISCOVERED GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

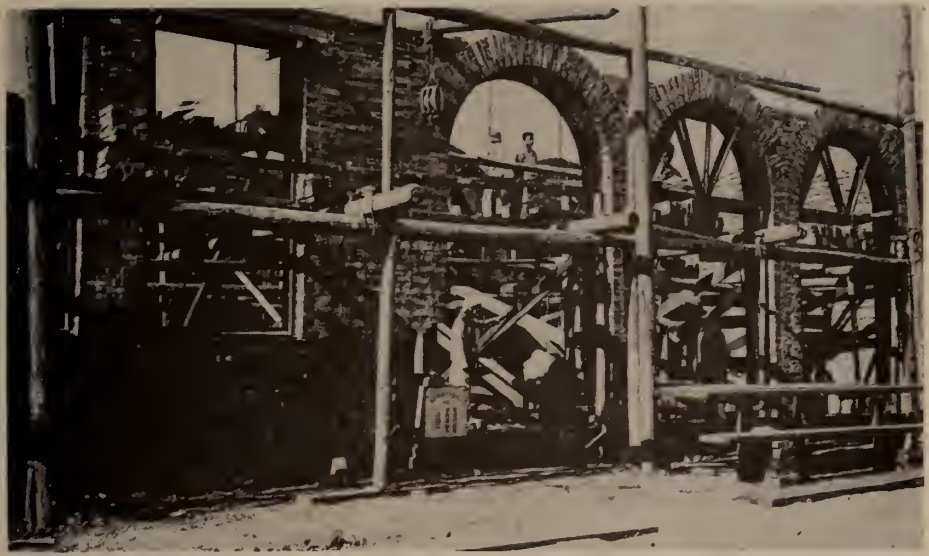
secretary of the diocese and also a United Thank Offering worker. *Gold-digging* is fun. It is fascinating, strange, picturesque. There is no monotony, indeed there is a very romantic variety. No least ability that one has, though it be very tiny, will dwindle for lack of use. From reading the Morning Service or talking to a congregation—to doing janitress duty; from interviews with the sorrowing, the sick and the stupid—to painting a sign or making a chart; from holding a teacher-training class—to making costumes and drilling a play; from playing the

organ—to writing summer courses for the Church School; from reorganizing a guild—to writing an article or presiding at a meeting; from running a stereopticon—to writing “ads” and practicing “salesmanship” for Religious Education: no least iota of power that God has loaned, in brain, fingers or heart, will fail to be called upon in this search for *gold* for His Church. It is more than fun, it is joy.

And finally, as a search for gold must be, it is an *adventure*. It is a virgin field, there are no precedents. The prospector has to experiment, venture. Eastern methods cannot be transplanted; the soil has not been prepared yet. It is a new Claim, the “historic” Church of our diocese is but sixty-six years old. There are necessarily many *shafts* run in promising places that later have to be abandoned. There is necessarily little gold turned up as yet. But the Claim is being “worked,” the soil dug. Some day others will come into the land, we are preparing and they will find richer treasure than we have. Children we are training will not *wash over the edge of the pan* when they come to maturity.

An adventure! Will you join in it? There are opportunities through all the Eighth Province. The *Claims* are very similar, they are *worked* in similar ways. There is much the same *romance*, and the same *golden rewards* will fall to the *prospectors* and *miners* who will attempt this “Adventure for God” with a normal amount of common sense and a consecrated sense of humor. Come over and help us. But don’t forget to put your sense of humor in your *pack*.

IT becomes us to be reminded that *Woman's Work in the Kingdom of Christ* is not now a new product. What is needed for it in the Church is not so much a process of creation as of discovery and of use. The living materials of a glorious structure have not to be brought into being, but rather, existing everywhere, to be brought together, invigorated, ordered into vital and conscious relations with each other, and, if the term does not imply a too formal and fixed method, organized.—BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON, 1874.



THE SOUTH FRONT OF DODSON HALL, SHOWING THE CORNERSTONE

THE NEW SAINT MARY'S HALL

By Lucy Graves, U. T. O.

THE new property is an interesting spot at present and many a pious pilgrimage is made to watch the progress of the new Saint Mary's Hall, so rapid, now, that it is a constant surprise. Fat old Mr. Yao, the contractor, is jubilant because a long stretch of fine weather in the spring, when in ordinary years Shanghai is so horribly fond of rain, gave him the chance of his life to push through the work on the foundations and get the walls well started.

It really is a wonderful piece of land and the buildings are going to look very well as the architect has placed them. The main entrance is directly through the middle of the classroom building known as Dodson Hall, the very nicest one of all, to my mind. You pass through a short hall with offices to your left and a guest room to your right and come to a bright glassed-in "sun

parlor" with a large fireplace, and then out on a broad paved terrace. From there the whole thing is spread out in front of you, the long wings stretching off to left and right, and opposite, way across the campus, the China Building, a fine gymnasium and auditorium given by our Chinese friends, while between, at the sides, lie the dormitories and the smaller special buildings, all of soft cream stucco with low red-tiled roofs—at least that's the way it's going to be! Of course, it's not a bit like that now! Instead—coming to where the door should be—you make a mighty step up to the level of the first floor, grabbing hold of something to steady yourself, then bending nearly double you crawl under scaffolding and variously slanting poles, keeping a watchful eye out for the casual falling brick, till out you come on an uneven open space with the sky above and four big build-



THE CONFIRMATION CLASS AT SAINT MARY'S, 1922

ings of gray brick fronting you in an imposing array, all up to the level of the second story or further, while a crowd of workmen swarm over the scaffolding and the dirtiest small boys that ever were born trot back and forth on minor jobs of vast importance in their eyes. On the sides are the Domestic Science Hall and Music Hall, where work has just begun.

The chapel, alack! isn't even contracted for yet, though we have started the fund with a gift of Mex. \$40 from one of our old girls, which she earned by teaching for us and then insisted on returning to the school. I can't resist speaking of it here because it made us all so glad. With such a good beginning we may hope soon to see it rising in the open space to the left, on ground a little higher than the rest, and empty now. Today, however (July, 1922), there is nothing between the place where you took your stand and these other buildings but a waste of bumpy ground dotted with mat-sheds and great piles of building materials, while right in the middle a well that has failed to produce water and a white lime pit contest for your notice.

But, after all, it does them little good to hold such a conspicuous position, for as you go from building to building, commenting on the good points and sometimes on disappointments, and on to peer through the Gym to where a bamboo fence shuts off a fine athletic field beyond, you really do not see them at all, but something else, just as real in its way. You see Commencement Day, with troops of happy children scattered over the green lawns, and the gay music of the band announcing that the graduation program is about to begin. Then, after that solemn affair, you see one more eager group of girls starting out from their mother school better equipped, we hope, than the rank and file of their sisters, to face the world and serve their native country, dear old China.

WHAT I would especially like is that the Woman's Auxiliary should so enlarge the scope of its operations, as to pledge stated salaries to trained and qualified female missionaries, so that such helpers may become a regular part of our mission force.—BISHOP J. F. SPALDING, 1877.



SAINT JOHN'S TEACHERS OFF TO CHURCH—FOUR MILES AWAY

SAINT JOHN'S SCHOOL, SAN JUAN

By Iva Woodruff, U. T. O.

A SIX-DAY journey from New York brings one to the beautiful island of Porto Rico, "the daughter of the sea and the sun." Landing at the capital city, San Juan, a delightful trolley ride along the sea takes one to the suburb known as Condado, where Americans would feel quite at home among modern cement dwellings though surrounded by palms and luxurious tropical trees and plants. Through the summer and early fall flashes of brilliant red draw the eye to the gorgeous flamboyant trees. In front of one house of an anti-American resident may be seen window boxes containing the very American red geraniums. Bougainvillea vines are everywhere, and bellisima and heart-of-man

vines and even honeysuckle vines abound. Near the end of the trolley line looms up the splendid Presbyterian hospital which is doing most excellent service to both Americans and Porto Ricans, especially through the clinic which treats between two and three hundred every day. Up a short street from the hospital is the George Robinson Orphanage, a splendid Methodist institution harboring fifty Porto Rican girls and now constructing another building to accommodate fifty more. The buildings are of the best in material and appearance. On either side are the very nice homes of the Presbyterian doctors.

In this neighborhood will be found our Saint John's School, opened to

Saint John's School, San Juan

American and Porto Rican children in the fall of 1915. There had been a similar school under the Congregational mission but their work was changed to the settlement plan. Parents who dreaded sending their children to the otherwise good public schools on account of their immoral influences, welcomed gladly the thought of a refuge for their children. For seven years the school has ministered to our transient and more permanent American colony, to our Army Post, our fellow-missionary family, and to the Spanish and Porto Ricans who dare to override their religious barriers and find the harmless and uplifting training of their children a blessing. Many want to send their children but their priests intervene or their own prejudices against Protestantism forbid them. There is an average attendance of between seventy and eighty in classes from the primary through the nine grades. The work is earnestly carried on and the school every year has accreditation from the Department of Education, whose inspectors visit us.

A dwelling house sufficed for the first year's school. The second year a frame building with two rooms was erected to accommodate the growing classes. Now we are looking forward to a suitable new building connected with our new church and the bishop's house, all on one compound.

The school boasts of a fine library of over four hundred books which are the united gift of the Church Periodical Club in our mother province. It has been a great boon to our book-loving children.

When the bishop wished to start the school he had five children of his own

to think of. When he needed a principal, he looked among his workers first and persuaded the writer, a United Offering missionary, to take the responsibility, which she has continued to hold with teachers coming and going. There have been thirty-nine graduates from the school in the seven years. Several of them have headed their classes in the schools to which they have gone in the States.

Until a staff of workers can be more settled in any mission field the work is continually hampered by changes. There must be some other object than adventure, a desire to study Spanish, a change of climate or health. Undoubtedly many apply with one or more of these aims in mind and not with pure missionary motive, ready to consecrate themselves to unselfish service. It is all too evident in the public as well as private schools that the missionary motive is not sufficiently defined. Team work, cheerfulness, selfishness, readiness to be adaptable to any circumstance, lips firm against criticism, especially until after two years' service at least—all these are desirable. The spirit of God should so permeate everything they think and do that people seeing and knowing them may say, "Behold how the Episcopal workers live and work in harmony and accord!"

Saint John's School has been fortunate in having some very good teachers for which we are very grateful, but we would like to have them stay longer when they come. We have had twelve in seven years.

From the school we derive our church choir, our Church School and our Junior Church Service League, and through them we have been doing our share in the five fields of service.

THIS record of woman's work in the Church will not, however, be complete without reference to associations which, though not calling themselves members of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, still clasp hands with it in like deeds of love.—JULIA C. EMERY, 1878.



THE LITTLE HOUSE WITH THE LARGE NAME

A LITTLE HOUSE WITH A LARGE NAME

By Emily deW. Seaman, U. T. O.

IN a little clearing on an African trail, half a mile from a native town, is a small house with a large-sounding name—The Fannie Schuyler Memorial Mission. It is not yet two years old, and is still in the beginning stage as a mission; but it is the first of its kind in that section of Liberia. Situated as it is on the borderline of two tribes, the Vais and the Golahs, and on the frontier line of Mohammedanism, it has seemed to be a rather strategic point with a bright future in sight.

In November, 1920, one United Thank Offering missionary with three girl-helpers, and two little children, traveled up through the country about twenty-five miles from Bendoo, a native town and mission station ten miles across the lake from the older mission

of Saint John's at Cape Mount. It was a large company, for besides the afore-said six, there were some twenty-nine carriers, and the district commissioner and his train. They were two days in making the trip, and the carriers came on in relays for two or three days afterwards.

We took up our abode in Bahlomah in a little house built of poles and mud and thatched with palm, and soon had three more children from the towns on each side of us. So began a little school, where these children were taught a few English words each day and to repeat a few verses of Scripture in their own language and in English, also the Lord's Prayer in Vai. We went down into the town, and got acquainted with the people, the real,

A Little House With a Large Name

primeval native kind, asked them to give us a place where we and they could meet, and so began our services in an open shed, which was used for all their town gatherings. The people seemed interested and came with more or less regularity, and during the year and a half a good many have learned the Lord's Prayer, and a few Collects, the Twenty-third Psalm, some hymns and the Ten Commandments, all in the Vai language, and some few know the Creed. It is hard for them to keep Sunday, but some are making the effort to, and nearly all will stay in town and away from their farms until after the morning service. Latterly a group of four or five young men have asked for instruction relative to baptism. Since May of this year a clergyman, the Reverend Dr. Muhlenberg, with his family, has settled in a neighboring town and is taking charge of that part of the work in all that section.

During six months of last year this U. T. O. missionary was needed at the older mission, the House of Bethany, and we were obliged to close the new one temporarily, and move down with the entire family, which by that time had grown to fourteen. It would have amused you to see how sophisticated our little primitives became in their few months' sojourn in an English-speaking school in a civilized community. When they returned they could talk to other children of the ocean and steamers, of a real church with clergy and choir-boys, of Christmas tree and Santa Claus—which last made a great impression—and could speak a little more English than they would have learned in their home mission in that length of time.

After returning to Bahlomah in February, the number of children increased to fifteen and the family to nineteen. This is about the limit of the present house. We were rejoiced to find that our people in the town had not forgotten the teachings of the year before,

and were really glad to see us back. They helped us to make a "farm" a second time, where we can raise cassada, potatoes, *eddoes*, and a few lesser vegetables and greens, and also put a new roof on the house and built a new kitchen.

So it seems as if we were becoming a recognized factor in the community, and we trust it may be for good in both senses of the word. In the June number of *THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS* the Reverend E. L. Haines mentioned this mission at Bahlomah; rather enlarging upon the arduousness of the work of a pioneer. Of course, there are some elements in it which do not come into a more established work, but to quote the late Reverend W. H. Ramsaur's words, surely the joy and satisfaction and the wonder of it all are worth many times the deprivations incidental to, and the more or less imaginary dangers of living in or so near the African Bush.

At present the mission is left in charge of one whose name is familiar to some of our readers who have the work in Liberia at heart, Cietta Williams, now Mrs. Freeman, a native mission girl who has been a protégée of some Auxiliary members since she was a young girl. She was a tried and faithful teacher in the House of Bethany for many years, and now, though not so strong, is just as trustworthy, and is able to carry on the work at Bahlomah with the help of two younger women. Is there not some one in this country who would and could take a trip to Liberia and spend six months during the dry season in a not unhealthy locality, among a most interesting native people? It would be truly an adventure, and a joy to someone who loves outdoor life and does not mind roughing it for a few months, provided she can be assured of a comfortable bed, good water, and fairly good food. The writer will be more than glad to give further particulars.



BRINGING IN KINDLING WOOD

MY INDIAN CHILDREN

By *Alice M. Larery, U. T. O.*

"London Bridge is falling down, falling
down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down, my fair
lady"!

"Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief!"

"Tag! you're it"!

WHAT does it all mean? Close your eyes and listen. Your mind will picture groups of white children playing the old games. Now open your eyes and look. Why, they are not white children at all, but the little Indian girls of the Fort Hall Mission in Idaho playing the games that have been played by white children for hundreds of years, and counting buttons and jumping rope to the same old words! No longer are they merely the children of a few isolated Indian tribes.

but through their games have become members of the world's great family of children.

Less than four years ago I stood before my class of little Indian girls, ranging in age from seven to eleven years, who were preparing to read *Mother Hubbard's Party* from the *Story Hour Primer*. We had come to the place where, at Mother Hubbard's suggestion, her little guests were playing "Puss in the Corner" and Humpty Dumpty was "It." All looked as blank as cigar store Indians. Never having played a game in which the expression "It" was used, not one understood the word. If there are any Indian games involving this idea no one gave any sign. At once we proceeded to play "Puss in the Corner" and a few other games, and learned a few counting-out rhymes to determine who should be It. That was the only time I had to de-



A GOOD TIME ON THE SEE SAW

velop this word. The children took to the games like ducks to water, and since then no matter how young the children in the primer class have been, no one has ever stumbled over Humpty Dumpty's being It.

Not only have they begun to realize that they are a part of the world's family, but they have also grasped the idea that they are the children of the one Heavenly Father. They say, "We are not afraid at night, because our Father is watching over us." They dislike the word "kids" because God does not say that He loves "kids"! God loves His "Children"! While they have always felt sure that Bishop Touret loves them, after a recent visit from Bishop Moulton of Utah this confidence was extended to include other bishops. Speaking of Bishop Moulton one dear little

maid said, "He loves the Indian children, all bishops love the little Indian children, because they are God's little children".

That which most impresses them in the administration of baptism is being signed with the sign of the cross. They continually speak of the cross they wear on their foreheads, and explain that although we cannot see it, God sees it shining there and knows that they are His children, and calls them by their names. Those who were baptized in infancy are inclined to glory a little over the others because the minister held them in his arms just as Jesus held the little children of long ago.

Our little girls just love the services of the Church, and their responses are unanimous and lusty. The singing is particularly fine and hearty, and they

My Indian Children



EASTER AT THE MISSION

know a great many hymns by heart, as well as many of the psalms. It would give you a real thrill to hear the singing of *Our Lord is risen from the dead*, followed by the recitation of the Twenty-fourth Psalm.

When our new school was first opened four years ago, it took some time for the girls to overcome their natural timidity. Little Susie was particularly timid and would neither speak nor sing above a whisper. One day a cricket came crawling along the school-room floor, and was quickly spied by a child who picked it up and placed it on a desk in front of me. Although my attention was centered on the child whom I was helping, I was conscious of a little brown hand reaching over and taking the cricket. Suddenly one of the children broke forth with, "Oh, Miss Larery, Susie she eat that little black thing so she can sing loud"! Susie had indeed eaten it, but it is pleasant to relate that it worked, for an evening or two later she burst out so loudly with *My soul doth magnify the*

Lord, that the rest of the girls and even Miss Parsons were so overcome with astonishment that Susie and I were left to sing the *Magnificat* alone. Since then there has been no further need of crickets.

When little Effie, aged five, first entered school, although unable to speak English, she was very anxious to join in the devotions. She kept time and tune, but so heartily and with such queer sounds, that the others could scarcely proceed for laughing. When prayers were over some one asked her in the Indian tongue what she was singing. Her answer was, "I was singing a Jesus song." Although it was neither English nor Indian, I am sure it was just as well understood by Him to whom it was sung.

We all know the joy of Christmas, but unless one is the mother or father of a large and happy family it is hard to realize the thrill of the early morning greetings in our mission school. But when in the midst of all the Merry Christmases comes the voice of a dear little girl, saying earnestly and joyously, "Happy Birthday, Jesus!" the tears run over and the sobs can scarcely be kept down.

At present we have twenty-six girls from five to sixteen years of age. They live with us from September to June, and are taught all branches of housework and homekeeping, as well as the "three R's." They are kept busy at work or play from 6.30 in the morning until 7.30 in the evening for the smaller ones, and 8.30 for the larger girls. The teachers' hours are from 6 a. m. until all the girls are in bed, excepting that even after this hour Miss Parsons must attack the correspondence as well as the difficult problem of making both ends of our appropriation meet.

Sometimes weariness of mind and body makes us wonder if our work is worth while, but in our truer moments we feel as though it is among the only worth-while things in the world.



THE CHURCH, SCHOOLROOM, AND CONGREGATION AT HUMINI

The teachers' room is above the school room



HOOKER SCHOOL GIRLS READY FOR CHAPEL

THE UNITED THANK OFFERING IN MEXICO

By Anna G. Newell, Deaconess

AT HOOKER SCHOOL

IN 1913 the United Offering made it possible for Hooker School to begin to build a permanent home. In 1919 the United Offering again came to the help of Hooker School and gave it its first classroom. The present Hooker School therefore is the gift of the United Offering to Mexico.

It is pleasant for us to dwell in walls that stand as symbols of innumerable blessings and for the spirit of thanksgiving. I often think that such a building must be above the average blessed, giving forth of its very nature an atmosphere of love and harmony.

This is the first United Offering building I have ever seen. I hope they are all as attractive, and as well and

permanently built. Its low-lying front, with its sloping red-tiled roof, presents a smiling welcome to the stranger as he enters the gates, a hundred feet or so down the path. The green lawns on either side, the bright-colored flower beds, the trailing, shifting shadows of the pepper trees, the soft voices of our feathery friends with their bits of gay plumage, make a peaceful setting.

From the front extend the three wings: the east wing for the dining room and kitchen, the west wing for the classrooms, and the center wing for the dormitories.

There are now thirty-five girls in the boarding department—there is room for no more—and two American



BISHOP AVES AND DR. WOOD AT HOOKER SCHOOL

teachers, with room for no more! Is this the limit of our contribution to the young womanhood of Mexico? Are we not going to build the second floor, and thus give room for one hundred *internas*, a larger staff of teachers, American and Mexican, and class rooms for the other departments that are so sorely needed?

The present building lends itself well to expansion. There is nothing to be done over, nothing of the present building need be lost, and when the plans for the enlargement are completed, we shall have a building particularly well adapted to its purposes, and in which we and all who have had a part in it may take a thankful pride.

AT HUMINI

A little chapel at a crossroads—a simple room with white plastered walls and arched window over the altar, where the stained glass made a blood-red cross against the trees without. Women had swept and garnished the little House of God with loving care and banked the reredos with the traceries of flowers they so love to weave here in Mexico. The linen was fresh and immaculate. One felt the love and care when one entered.

About me sat the women, their faces attentive, their smiling eyes responsive under the blue of their *rebosas*. The service of the Holy Communion was over. The women had remained to meet their delegate to Portland.

It was a moment of humility, of inspiration. A new vision of the Auxiliary rose before me. These thirty women, many of whom had come several miles on foot to meet me, their shoulders bowed with the carrying of burdens, their faces worn with care and exposure, what new interests and fresh spirit the Auxiliary had brought them, and would bring them as their work in it developed! Into what a wonderful fellowship they had entered! Through their faces I saw the faces of that innumerable throng of women invisibly present with us.

They have no money, the women of Mexico. But of what they have they are learning to give freely—of their



OFF FOR A TRIP TO NOPALA, HUMINI AND ENCENILLAS

*Mrs. Putnam (left) and Deaconess Newell (right) on horseback,
Archdeacon Salinas in the center*

time. The women of Humini cannot meet regularly, but they do their work at home, delicate work of linen and lace, and bring it as their offering. From the sale of this handwork they raise the money for their gifts and needs.

I found them in a moment of discouragement. Some one had told them their prices were too high, and yet they felt they could sell for no less if they were to have anything to give the Church. Where, I wonder, can you find linen handkerchiefs, with hem-stitched, drawn-work borders, for one peso, fifty cents American? Certainly not in these days in the stores and

shops of Mexico City! I took no risk of disappointing them, I am sure, when I assured them that women of the Church at home could help them in this, and that they would have orders enough when the facts were known.

The treasurer of the Auxiliary of Mexico placed in my hands the 101 pesos (\$50.50) which it was my blessed privilege to place upon the plate at Portland. They were present with us there at that great service, these women of Mexico, when their gift of devotion and service was offered at the altar of the Saviour of infinite love and tenderness, who came to enlarge the life and love of women

THE mere raising of money for missionary purposes is by no means the first end and aim of the Woman's Auxiliary. Its members seek rather, by personal effort, to awaken and stimulate fresh interest in the missions of the Church among those who have hitherto been ignorant or careless concerning them; to show their loving sympathy, through the offerings they make, to those who are doing the hardest part of the work on the frontier or in distant lands; and by prayer and supplication to call down the blessing and support from Heaven that their own powers are far too feeble to bestow.—MARY A. EMERY, 1875.



NURSES AT SAINT AGNES'S HOSPITAL, RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

UNITED THANK OFFERING MISSIONARIES AT SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

By Bertha Richards

IF any Negro woman is wondering what it means to be a United Thank Offering Missionary she can see it in what those who bear that name are doing at Saint Augustine's School and Saint Agnes's Hospital in Raleigh, North Carolina. To tell it all would be to describe most of the work that is done there, for there seems to be at least one of the workers in each department. As I think of these particular women, they seem like the very foundation stones of the place in integrity and devotion. Perhaps it does not look very romantic to be in charge of the kitchen, the laundry and the dressmaking classes, but to make these places of character building means to identify these tasks with honesty of purpose and dignity and faithfulness. And that they actually do this is abundantly proved by the lives of those who have been under the influence of these fine, sincere and steady workers.

Miss Beard, Miss Cox, Miss Logan, what graduate or former student at Saint Augustine's is not conscious of ideals and standards of lifelong strength inspired by them?

On the hospital side we have one as head nurse and another as dietitian and matron in the Nurses' Home. Those who know the ways of hospitals will understand that just in these posts lies the sort of opportunity that a real missionary longs for, the chance to give the nurses a grasp not only of technique but of the spirit of caring for others in the Lord's way. Miss

May, the head nurse, is trained in the principles of social service, and is bent upon bringing these principles into the training of the girls. Mrs. Williams has given the nurses a "home" in very fact, and "Miss Daisy," as we love to call her, has set standards that all the girls long to reach, both for her sake and because she has made them see the beauty of faithfulness and courage.

This is one small picture of what these Negro women are giving in thankful service, interpreting to those of their own race what it means to be willing to do His will, and He has let us connect this service with the thanksgivings of us all. Because we are thankful to Him, He lets us help to bring causes of thankfulness into the lives of others.

Before another Triennial marks the great offering of the women we are hoping that a Training School for Colored Churchworkers and Deaconesses will be making it possible for Negro women to be prepared for service in greater numbers. There is work waiting for them in every colored parish, in every community where the laborers are few, among the children and the sick, in the prisons, in the schools and homes.

Those of you who long to know how to help—and who does not?—make up your minds that there shall be a report of this school made in 1925—come to it as students—find some one else to be trained—see to it that others know—help to support it!

A RACE which has won our lasting Christian consideration by its loyalty to our and their native land, and its sacrifices for the maintenance of our cherished institutions.—BISHOP BRATTON.

THE RECORD OF THE UNITED THANK OFFERINGS OF THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

1889: Church of the Holy Communion, New York, for Christ Church, Anvik, Alaska, and sending Miss Lovell to Japan.....\$	2,188.64
1892: Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore	\$20,353.16
1895: Christ Church, St. Paul.....	56,198.35 76,551.51
Missionary Episcopate Fund: Interest paying salary, first three years, Bishop of Oklahoma; since then Bishop of Alaska.	
1898: Trinity Church, Washington, for women workers	82,742.87
1901: Grace Church, San Francisco, specials for Missionary Bishops and Colored work..	107,027.83
1904: Trinity Church, Boston, for women workers	150,000.00
1907: Holy Trinity Church, Richmond, for women workers, with \$10,000 for Training School, Sendai, Japan.....	224,251.55
1910: Christ Church, Cincinnati, for women workers, with \$10,000 for Saint Hilda's School, Wuchang, and \$5,000 for Saint Augustine's School, Raleigh.....	243,360.95
1913: Cathedral Saint John the Divine, New York, for women workers, with \$15,000 for Hooker School, Mexico, and \$5,000 for Saint Augustine's, Raleigh.....	306,496.66
1916: Christ Church Cathedral, Saint Louis, for women workers.....	353,619.76
1919: Saint Paul's Cathedral, Detroit, for women workers, with \$20,000 for mission buildings	468,060.41
1922: Trinity Church, Portland, Oregon, for women workers, permanent trust fund and mission buildings.....	669,126.00
1925:	?

WHAT THE UNITED THANK OFFERING OF 1919 HAS ACCOMPLISHED

By Lewis B. Franklin, Treasurer

THE women of the Church presented at the General Convention which met in Detroit in 1919 a magnificent Thank Offering amounting to \$468,060.41.

Under a resolution adopted at the triennial meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in Saint Louis in 1916, specific appropriations were made from this fund as follows:

School for Navajo Indians, Farmington, New Mexico.....	\$5,000	
Rebuilding of Auxiliary Hall, Valle Crucis, North Carolina.....	5,000	
School at Guantanamo, Cuba.....	5,000	
Chapel at Saint Hilda's School, Wuchang, China.....	5,000	
		\$20,000

The balance of the fund was appropriated for the support of women workers in the field and for pensions, training and outfits. This balance, while the property of the Council, was to be used over a period of three years and the Council has only drawn from this fund a proportionate amount each month. There was therefore in the beginning a large proportion of the fund which would not be used for a considerable time and upon receipt of

the money the treasurer made arrangements to invest all except the amount needed in the near future in short-term obligations of the United States Government in order that advantage might be taken of the high rates of interest then prevailing. In this way interest as high as 6 per cent was secured during a large part of the first year and at lower rates for the balance of the period. The following amounts have been received as interest:

Interest available for 1920.....	\$16,752.90	
Interest available for 1921.....	16,752.01	
Interest available for 1922, to July 1.....	4,077.14	
Total interest to July 1, 1922.....		\$37,582.05

This, added to the principal of the Offering, makes a total available for the prosecution of the work of \$505,642.46. There will be a small addition

to the interest account for the last six months of the current year.

Expenditures to July 1, 1922, have been as follows:

School for Navajo Indians, Farmington, New Mexico (set aside but not yet paid).....	\$5,000.00	
Rebuilding of Auxiliary Hall, Valle Crucis, North Carolina.....	5,000.00	
School at Guantanamo, Cuba.....	5,000.00	
Chapel at Saint Hilda's School, Wuchang, China.....	5,000.00	
Salaries, Pensions, Training, Travel and Outfits.....	399,855.79	
Total Expenditures.....		\$419,855.79
Balance on Hand, July 1, 1922.....		85,786.67
Total		\$505,642.46

On July 1, 1922, this offering was supporting the following workers:

Workers in the home field.....	67
Workers in the foreign field.....	108
Number of workers on disabled and retired lists.....	14
Number of workers in training.....	4
Total	193

IN MEMORIAM: MARY E. HORNER

By Emily C. Tillotson

IT is peculiarly fitting that in this number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, given over as it is to the United Thank Offering and to the work of those whose devoted service is so truly a part of the offering itself, there should be some account of the life and work of Miss Mary E. Horner. For twelve years she was a United Thank Offering missionary, giving her wise, devoted and untiring service as principal of the Valle Crucis Mission School in the district of Asheville.

Her whole life was given to the work which lay nearest to her hand. As a strong influence in the school for boys, of which her father was principal, as a worker in her own parish, and later as diocesan president of the Woman's Auxiliary, she will be long remembered, but her work at Valle Crucis is her most enduring memorial, and it is that of which we wish to speak here.

In the year 1910, when she became principal of the school which her brother, Bishop Horner, had in 1901 re-established at Valle Crucis, until her death, which occurred on April third, 1922, her life was given unsparingly to the work which she so greatly loved.

A visit to the school was an interesting and inspiring experience. It was a delight to watch the work of the pupils—for the most part girls from the valley and from the surrounding mountain regions—with its varied routine in kitchen, dining room and laundry, in orchard and dairy, in all of which the pupils had a part, a wise balance being kept between practical work and that done in the class room. The life of this school had its center in the quiet room where for

morning and evening prayer the school gathered daily—and here as in every department of the school life one felt the leadership of the gentle but strong personality under whose guidance the work went on.

It was not only in the school that Miss Horner's spirit and influence were felt. Throughout the valley she was known and loved. It was to her that the men, women and children turned in their difficulties and in their sorrows. Her understanding heart gave her an insight into the needs, spiritual as well as material, of these splendid people and her sympathy and untiring devotion were always theirs, bringing hope to the despondent, solace to the heavy hearted, and the great gift of her friendship to all.

It was a life rich in achievement; the extent of its accomplishment is difficult to measure for it is expressed in terms of lives. Each year there has gone out into the world a group of girls, equipped with the training which the school has given them, enriched by the influence of the Christian gentlewoman who was their friend. As wives and mothers they are making Christian homes and giving to their children the same training they themselves received.

It has been a great work, quietly done, and all so simply. The tasks were often arduous. There were many hardships. Miss Horner's physical strength was not great but her courage and devotion were, and with no thought of herself she set her hand to the accomplishment of her task.

And now this servant of Christ and His Church rests from her labors in her beloved Valley of the Cross, but far beyond its peaceful stretches her works do follow her.

OUR LETTER BOX

Intimate and Informal Messages from the Field

First impressions are always interesting. We are glad to be able to share this letter of a United Thank Offering missionary, Miss Fannie E. Cleaver, who went to Alaska last summer, with our readers:

AS for the trip from Philadelphia to Fort Yukon, it was most delightful, and the saying "See your own country first" is indeed appreciated more than ever. As our route included the trip up the Hudson, Lake Erie, Lake Michigan, the Canadian Rockies, the Inland Passage, the White Pass and the Yukon River, I cannot imagine anything more inspiring. To see the Palisades, the Catskills, the beautiful Great Lakes, the superb mountains and the marvelous deep is entirely beyond description, for it is God's Creation and "All-Glorious".

The Board of Missions had so carefully thought out our itinerary, sending us by the best route, giving us every accommodation and meeting our needs in such a generous way, that I cannot see how we could possibly have expected more.

The last steamer on which we had the pleasure of traveling was the *Yukon*, and as it approached Fort Yukon there stood the chapel and the hospital facing the shore. One does not have to look for these buildings, for they stand out very imposingly, with their lovely signs "The Cross", having the sky for their background. If anyone has ever seen the pictures of these buildings published by THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS they would recognize them at once, for they are exactly as they are represented. They are built of logs, and the rustic appearance is very artistic and attractive.

Of course, in eleven days one has hardly had a chance to "get started";

however, I shall endeavor to partially describe the work and give you a few details. The hospital is very complete, having an operating room, laboratory, one private room, women's ward, men's ward, staff dining room, kitchen, patients' dining room, lavatory and three small rooms: viz., the doctor's office, nurses' sitting room and linen room. This constitutes the downstairs portion. Upstairs there are the sleeping quarters and supply closets. We can accommodate fifteen patients comfortably; nevertheless, there have been thirty here at one time, the extra ones sleeping in the halls and outside in tents.

I shall confine myself strictly to the nurse's viewpoint. The work is regular hospital duty, and at present there are three of us. We have a day nurse, a night nurse and a nurse in the diet kitchen. The day nurse takes care of the private patients, ward patients, dispensary work—one hour in the day—does visiting nursing—incidentally taking care of her own laundry. The other two nurses are also interested in this latter duty. The nurse in the diet kitchen attends to all trays and cooks for the staff; she is also responsible for the cleaning. The night nurse has charge at night. We take turns in each department. After we get settled we are planning to have two hours off each day and a half day a week. This will give us some time for recreation, for here we need it, and it is such a marvelous country in which to get it. Shooting, fishing, sledding and snowshoeing constitute the principal sports, and as they are all out-of-doors we learn to appreciate more and more the secret of Creation and the Omnipotent Power that rules all. The thought referred to describing

the trip applies here also, only with deeper meaning, owing to the vastness, splendor and solitude of the country, my country, your country—Alaska.

The women of the Church have done much for the missionary work, and we, their representatives, appreciate the interest and energy they have put forth in supporting us everywhere. Those in the "Frozen North", as someone has termed our district, would like those who have sent us here to realize that we are ever mindful of the tasks they undertake and the success they achieve. May God bless each and every enterprise and give them the courage to keep on in their magnificent work which they have so ably done these many years.

Miss Eveline Diggs, a United Thank Offering missionary in the Mountain Province of the Philippines, sends us this glimpse of her life:

I HAVE had my hands rather full ever since I returned. At present I am taking care of the family of Deaconess Hargreaves at Besao, thirty in number. One baby a year old, four under five, counting my little James. James will be four in September. I have had him since he was two months old, when his mother died with the "flu". He is a very bright little boy, sings many songs and does the "Daily Dozen" exercises.

As soon as Deaconess Hargreaves returns I expect to start a day nursery in Sagada. It is very much needed, as the poor little Igorots are very much neglected when the older members of the family go off very early in the morning to the field and the little ones are left home to take care of themselves.

We have the most glorious sunsets in Besao, especially so in the rainy season. Many clouds above and below us and the sun shining on the

clouds in the village—it is simply beautiful! And I have no white person within six miles to enjoy them with me! I feel so selfish to have it all to myself. In Sagada they are behind a huge mountain that deprives them of the wonderful sunsets that we have in Besao.

It is always a pleasure to hear from Miss S. W. Ashhurst of All Saints' School, Guantanamo, Cuba:

IT means a great deal to be a United Offering worker, for we know we have a great body of consecrated women behind us, helping us by prayer and sympathy, besides making it possible for us to stay at work.

We have two Sunday Schools in the church, in Spanish at 9 a. m. and in English at 3.15 p. m. The Communion Service at 7 a. m. every Sunday in English is well attended during the dry season. During the wet season not so well because the mud is terrible. Very few streets in Guantanamo are paved.

At the evening service on Sunday we usually have from one hundred to a hundred and fifty persons present. Our music is exceptionally good.

After school we try to do parish visiting and meet many cases of want and distress.

AND now, dear Miss Emery, how shall I adequately express my gratitude to you and to the "Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions" for your continued, untiring care and kindness to an old and nearly worn-out "Priest in the Church of God"? . . . But as he draws nigh to his last account he finds himself taken up and carried on his weary way by the gentle arms of those who were foremost in supplying the wants of his Divine Master "in the days of His flesh", viz., "certain women—which ministered unto Him of their substance".—AN OLD MISSIONARY, 1876.

NEWS AND NOTES

OUR cover shows Trinity Church, Portland, Oregon. On the altar of this church, at a corporate communion of the delegates to General Convention, the United Thank Offering of the women of the Church was laid on the morning of September seventh. An account of this service and of the mass meeting at which the amount of the offering was made known will be found elsewhere in this issue.

LEST WE FORGET

AN August morning, 9.15. The telephone bell rings in the office of the Executive Secretary of the Department of Missions. A voice at the other end of the line says:

"This is Mrs. ———. You probably do not remember me."

"Pardon me, but I do, very well. I know that you support one of our American nurses in China."

"Never mind about that. My sister and I have seen your statement about the need for enlarging the hospital at Cape Mount, Liberia, in memory of Mrs. Ramsaur. We would like to give the \$5,000."

What can a secretary say under such circumstances? At least he can thank God for the privilege of being a missionary secretary and of knowing that there are such big-hearted people in the Church.

The next morning the checks arrive. A telegram goes to Bishop Overs. A wire comes back, "Great news." It is easy to see the bishop smile even though he is several hundred miles away.

The next day two other sisters sent \$200. Other friends have already promised \$500 and further gifts have come in. Saint Luke's Church, at Lincolnton, North Carolina, where Mr. Ramsaur had many relatives and

friends, held a memorial service in August for Mr. and Mrs. Ramsaur, at which an offering was taken for the same purpose. The pastor of the First Methodist Church of Lincolnton was present and asked to be allowed the privilege of joining in the memorial, sending a substantial check to be added to the amount given by Saint Luke's people. It seems certain that Bishop Overs will be able to count upon at least \$6,000 to carry out his plans to enlarge our little hospital at Cape Mount so that it can care for many of the sick who now have to be turned away, and at the same time can make it a little more comfortable as the home of our two fine young American women nurses.

The whole building will be known as the Sarah Conway Ramsaur Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Ramsaur, who was Miss Conway, started it when she first went to Africa as a United Thank Offering missionary, some years ago. She cared for it and carried it on single-handed. Now that she has fallen at her post, the hospital will bear her name and continue to interpret to the African people her ideals of service.

The next step is to find a doctor, preferably a man, willing to go to Cape Mount and make that the base from which he can reach out into the interior to carry healing in the name of the Christ to people who have never heard His name and know nothing of modern medicine.

ALL up and down this coast there are weather-beaten stones which tell the story of an unlimited devotion, and convince one of the fact that this field has been hallowed as no other by the sacrifices of the faithful. . . . Dare we not finish the work which they at such cost began?—WILLIAM HOKE RAMSAUR, 1920.



WE have on hand several good cuts of Bishop Tuttle like the above, which we shall be glad to send to editors of diocesan papers free of charge. Address Publicity Department, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

LAST winter five members of the Church who were going to the Orient asked the Department of Missions for introductions to our missionaries in some of the larger centers. The introductions, of course, were gladly provided. From these friendly though unofficial observers of the Church's work abroad came occasional messages telling of the pleasure and satisfaction they had in meeting the missionaries.

Now that they are home again, these friends are not only telling to others the story of their experiences, but they are sending back to the people whom they met special gifts to help them carry out cherished plans for development. May there be many more of these unofficial ambassadors to the mission field! The Department of Missions is always ready to advise with regard to routes and to give introductions to our bishops, clergy and other workers abroad.

DEAN HODGKIN of the Deaconess Training School of the Pacific conceived and carried out last summer a plan for "A Missionary Camping Expedition" which proved highly successful. We have asked the Dean to send us some pictures so that we may give our readers in a future issue some idea of this very delightful and helpful experience.

WHEN one of our missionaries on the west coast of Japan was about to leave for the United States on his furlough he ordered two hundred farewell letters printed to send to people in his parish and others. They were delivered by the printer's boy. When the missionary asked for the bill the boy replied: "I don't want anything. I want to do that much for God. I did them myself." And he has been at church not more than eight or ten times!!!

THE REVEREND ROBERT G. TATUM, missionary in charge of the Tanana Valley Mission in Alaska, writing from Nenana in July, reports a great shortage of fish on the Tanana. The shortage this year seems to be due largely to natural causes. Great suffering among the Indians next winter seems inevitable.

WE stand today on an elevation of successions of privilege. The little one has become a thousand; the isolated female Bible society or missionary organization in the parish is replaced by the organization whose throng of representatives have today knelt side by side, uniting the whole of this goodly heritage of our country, guarded by two oceans. Could there be a standpoint from whence we could draw more inspiration? Can we, dare we, miss the grace of opportunity? Nay, women of the Auxiliary, let us be up and doing!—AIMEE L. SIOUSSAT, 1892.

OPPORTUNITIES AND NEEDS IN THE MISSION FIELD

Under this head THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS would bring together from time to time those in the mission field who have needs of one kind or another and those at home who seek the opportunity to be of service. Where no address is given correspondence should be sent to The Editor, THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A CALL has come from the Patterson School, Legerwood, North Carolina, for an organ. Is there any reader of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS who is ready to part with a cabinet organ that will do for the chapel of a mission school?

THE mission of Saint John the Baptist at Upward in the North Carolina mountains is the only place of any description for miles around where young people can find wholesome recreation. Our mission worker there has inaugurated a number of plans whereby the Mission House has become a center for happy gatherings of one sort or another. She could use to great advantage a victrola, either new or second-hand. Miss Louise H. Foster, R.F.D. No. 1, Flat Rock, N. C., will gladly give full particulars to anyone interested.

DEACONESS MARY T. PATTERSON of Blue Island, Illinois, has a number of books which she would like to see placed where they would do good. Some of them are forty or fifty years old but in good condition and treat of geology, assaying, mining, etc., chiefly in the Mississippi basin. Four or five large books would be helpful for reference in a library, such as George Adam Smith's "Geography of the Holy Land." Others would be useful in Church Schools. The deaconess also has a Blickenderfer typewriter in good condition and some material for altar furnishings. She will be glad to correspond with any who are in need of the above.

THE Church of the Nazarene at Livramento, Brazil, has need of communion vessels. The rector's wife writes, "If any kind friends felt inclined to send us communion vessels we should feel very grateful as our present set has no flagon and is too small." The Reverend Arthur R. Gray, D.D., Secretary for Latin America in the Department of Missions, says that the church in Livramento is the most growing institution

in the diocese. It ministers to the best type of Brazilians and to the few Americans resident in that frontier town. If any place should have this help, Livramento should. Dr. Gray may be addressed at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

BISHOP OVERS has asked the Reverend Elwood L. Haines of Cape Mount, Liberia, to start a diocesan paper to be known as the Liberian Churchman, and to act as its editor. Now that a printing press has been established at the Industrial School at Cape Mount, Mr. Haines hopes to be able to carry out Bishop Overs' request. He writes that the mission press is greatly in need of a font of 8 or 10 point Cheltenham type and an assortment of borders and ornaments for title pages. Does any reader of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS happen to have in some dark corner of the attic the type and ornaments that Mr. Haines needs? He can put them to good use and the Department of Missions will be glad to see that they go forward to Mr. Haines. Address Dr. John W. Wood, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE REVEREND ROBERT E. WOOD of Saint Michael's Mission, Wuchang, China, writes to Dr. John W. Wood, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York:

"What I would like most of all would be a moving picture machine of our own. A portable machine could be used often in our parish house at St. Michael's and could also be available for Social Service work throughout the Diocese. Isn't there a Sunday School or some Junior Auxiliary or Ladies' Guild that could help us? You yourself could tell them the interest shown in plain lantern slides exhibited at St. Michael's. I am sure you could soften the hardest heart."

Dr. Wood will gladly give further information, and can tell of his personal observation of the work of a stereopticon at Saint Michael's.

FOREIGN-BORN AMERICANS DIVISION

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS

The Reverend Thomas Burgess, Secretary

WELCOME TO OUR PARISH

By Raymond E. Cole

Ellis Island Representative of the New York Protestant Episcopal
City Mission Society

WELCOME to our Parish is the keynote of the follow-up work inaugurated by the Foreign-born Americans' Division of the Presiding Bishop and Council. The Church has been greatly concerned for some time over the problem of conserving to its membership those of its faith and affiliation who come from other countries.

A very practicable plan of co-operation has been developed as the result of nearly two years' experimental work. The Foreign-born Americans' Division is furnished the names and addresses of immigrants of Church affiliation passing through Ellis Island. This is made possible through the working arrangement with the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, which is the official agency of the Episcopal Church at Ellis Island. The names are sent to the Division, classified according to parishes and sent to the local clergyman and his associates for follow-up. Particular suggestions are made in referring names for follow-up, according to particular need, and a letter of general suggestions is enclosed. The clergy have responded most heartily in most instances.

This subject is more important now than ever before, because the present "Quota Law" favors immigration from the northern Protestant countries of Europe. For the first fiscal

year of the operation of this law from July 1, 1921, to June 30, 1922, over 27,000 English people came in, 13,000 Scotch and 14,000 Scandinavians, making a total of 54,000. These figures also show that the people of the Episcopal Church of England are coming in twice the number of the other Protestant countries of Europe. The astonishing thing about it all is, according to Senator Colt of the Senate Immigration Committee, that the net increase in population for the United States of *immigration* over *emigration* from northern Europe during the same fiscal year was 48,000, while that from southern Europe was only 8,000. This statement proves that for the present people from Protestant countries of Europe come and stay permanently; therefore the greater need and opportunity for our Church to follow them up, particularly the great number coming from England.

The opportunities of the Church for increasing service through such follow-up work are unlimited. It is the responsibility and privilege of the Church to extend the hand of welcome and friendship to the stranger. Only through personal interest and contact can we become really acquainted with the needs of the strangers in our midst, show our good will and assure them of the Christian spirit of helpfulness and co-operation.

THE FIRESIDE OF RICE INSTITUTE

By The Reverend Paul Micou

Secretary Department of Religious Education

OUR best piece of service to an entire college is being done at Rice Institute, Texas. Here we have a student club house, a genial clergyman, and a much beloved matron, a combination sure to produce results.

A year ago our work was being done in a converted army mess hall, yet so happy were the students in having a homelike place for their noon-day recreation and their more serious gatherings that they called it "The Fireside of Rice Institute." To understand the need for the work the reader should know that Rice Institute is several miles out from the heart of

Houston in a new park section of the city, where there are no churches, and, until recently, no residences. The women students, all of them non-resident, come out each day from Houston, and need a place to gather in during lunch and vacant periods. The men need a "service station" for a thousand things from gum to chew to good books to read.

Mrs. Autry, who has long been deeply interested in the students of Rice Institute, gave a considerable sum of money to put up a permanent building as a memorial to her husband, Judge J. L. Autry.

The building embodies the ideals of our clergyman who works with Rice students, the Reverend Harris Masterson, so far as they can be realized

at present. The plan calls ultimately for a quadrangle of church, rectory, pupil nurses' home and this community house, the whole to be in Italian architecture to conform to Rice Institute.

As you enter Autry House a fine reception hall opens to your right with davenport and arm chairs in attractive grouping. But at noon tables are set up, the doors to the cafeteria are thrown open and the room becomes a lunch room. At other times it is a lecture room or dance hall, and on Sundays a screen is rolled up revealing a sanctuary. On the left of the entrance is



AUTRY HOUSE, RICE INSTITUTE

the boys' game room, and opening into the hall is the canteen. Upstairs the girls have their parlors. In the basement is a pressing shop. Other service features, too numerous to mention, are tucked away in the building.

Here, there and everywhere, as she is most needed, is Mrs. Blake, gracious hostess and a sincere friend to every Rice Institute student. The building is in a hum of every kind of activity by every kind of organization, morning, noon and night.

This was the first to go over the top of the seventeen college projects for which appeals for designated offerings were authorized last year. It is an indication of what we may expect in the next triennium when Churchmen realize the importance of the many askings for college work.

THE DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN SOCIAL SERVICE

CHARLES N. LATHROP, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

A STATEMENT OF POLICY

THE growth and development of the National Conference of Social Service Workers of the Episcopal Church, which was this year held, under the leadership of the Department of Christian Social Service, at Wickford, Rhode Island, from the nineteenth to the twenty-second of June, made it necessary to adopt something in the way of policy for its future guidance. The following is the statement of principles of organization and procedure as drawn up by a committee composed of the Reverend Charles N. Lathrop, Jeffrey R. Brackett, Ph.D., the Reverend Canon Samuel G. Welles, Miss Mabel Sturgis, and the Reverend F. T. Henstridge, and adopted by the Conference on Wednesday, June 21, 1922:

"This National Social Service Conference is for the purpose of bringing together, for fellowship and interchange of views and experience, representatives of the various diocesan Departments, Commissions and Boards of Social Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and representatives of all institutions and agencies concerned with the social task of the Church. The executive body of the Conference shall consist of the accredited representatives of diocesan

Departments, Commissions and Boards.

"The Executive Secretary of the Department of Christian Social Service of the Presiding Bishop and Council shall be, ex-officio, the chairman of the Conference and of the executive body.

"A Council of Advice to the Executive Secretary, for the purpose of closer contact with the field, shall be nominated annually by the Executive Secretary and chosen by the executive body. This Council of Advice may add to its number, on the nomination of the Executive Secretary.

"A Secretary of the Conference shall be chosen by the executive body.

"The Conference shall meet annually, in connection with the National Conference of Social Work.

"As this Conference has no official position in the Church, neither the Conference nor its executive body nor any group meeting as a part of this Conference shall adopt platforms or resolutions except of advice or request to the Executive Secretary.

"In discussion following addresses, speakers shall be limited to five minutes, except by unanimous consent, and no person shall speak twice on the same question as long as others wish to be heard."

A N association that asks no "woman's rights" but the right to minister to others and "seeks for glory and honor and immortality" only through "patient continuance in well-doing" will surely become no formidable rival or unmanageable helpmeet to the earlier established agencies of the Church.—MARY A. EMERY, 1875.

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN

WILLIAM H. MILTON, D.D., EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

THE UNITED THANK OFFERING AND THE NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN

WHAT has the United Thank Offering to do with the Nation-Wide Campaign? One common bond is misunderstanding! Some look upon the United Thank Offering as another scheme for raising money, and that description has been applied to the Nation-Wide Campaign.

The other bond underlies that. They both come under that accusation because they both concern money in the same way, and that way is a very deep relationship which makes them mutual helpers and co-workers.

The Nation-Wide Campaign is briefly an attempt to place before all the people of the Church in an organized effort the world-wide task of the Church, and having secured a conviction as to the worth-whileness of that task and our duty toward it, to stress stewardship, of life, and time and labor and money, as the means of getting the task done. In other words, the aim of the Campaign is an acceptance of the obligation that is ours, as Christ's command to His Church. Money or anything else that does not come from an impulse of loving duty to a loving God is hardly a Christian product, and perhaps the greatest difficulty the Campaign has ever faced is that of getting people to begin with the aim of the Campaign and not to worry about how it will express itself.

The stress in the Campaign, then, is upon the challenge of the task and upon our obligation to take up the task.

The stress in the United Thank Offering, on the other hand, is not upon obligations but upon the desire to do not merely our duty, but something more than our duty. It does not, anymore than does the Campaign, concern amounts of money, but since, for the great number of us, the tangible expression of our feeling is in terms of money, it, with the Campaign, does concern the way we ourselves look at our money. It involves the spiritualization of money.

In other pages you will read of what is and has been accomplished with the money of the United Thank-Offering. It is a history of great things, with a tremendous future. And other fruits have been and are being gathered—a wider interest in the Church's mission, a deepening of those ties which bind together all nations of men on the face of the whole earth, a breaking down of that parochial spirit which excludes all else, the winning of apathetic Church members to a new standard. Best of all, the United Thank Offering is keeping alive the free-will offering, which gives credit to no quota, which is not of duty, against the day when the whole Church will rise to the vision of Christ's injunction and her opportunity, and will cease not to make offering.

Every individual gift, large or small, in the United Thank Offering is a witness to that spirit and an earnest of its conquest of us all.

A LIST OF LEAFLETS

Leaflets are free unless price is noted. Address The Book Store, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, stating quantity wanted.

Remittance should be made payable to LEWIS B. FRANKLIN, Treasurer.

Alaska

- 800 The Borderland of the Pole. 5c.
810 The Arctic Hospital. 10c.

Brazil

- 525 Under the Southern Cross. 5c.

China

- 200 The Chung Hua Sheng Kung. (Holy Catholic Church in China.)
208 Plans of Proposed Buildings at Nanchang.
210 Help Us Open the Gates of Nanchang.
Cuba, Porto Rico and Virgin Islands
500 The Pearl of the Antilles. 5c.
501 In the Track of the Trade Winds. 5c.

Japan

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307 Missionary Problems and Policies in Japan. 20c.

Liberia

- 100 Our Foothold in Africa.

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- 400 The Cross, The Flag and The Church. 5c.
405 From Head-Axe to Scalpel.

Panama Canal Zone

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51 A Litany for Missions.
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W.A. 106 From Small Beginnings.
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THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE PRESIDING BISHOP AND COUNCIL

The United Thank Offering

THURSDAY, September the seventh, was a notable day, not only for Churchwomen, but for the Church. It is not a small thing in the life of the Church to have over one thousand two hundred representatives of ninety-four dioceses rededicate themselves at the Altar, when they represent thousands of women all over the continent and in the mission field.

As at every Triennial of the Woman's Auxiliary since 1889, these representatives brought with them an offering of money. From every diocese came offerings made up of gifts of such various kinds—the check from the woman who is privileged to be able to give large sums, and the offering from the woman who could not give large sums, but is privileged to give great sums, because only sacrifice and devotion have made the gift possible.

Truly all the love and adoration which was gathered up and presented to our Lord and Master made September the seventh a notable and happy day.

If the early hour of the day marked the dedication of self and offerings, the closing hour furnished opportunity for a gathering of enthusiastic, happy people, testifying to the joy of such dedication.

The women missionaries introduced to that great audience of perhaps five thousand persons, representing not only the missionaries sailing that day for the East and the two young women whose names had been presented with the offering in the morning, but those other missionaries who were not in Portland because they are at work in their several stations. As the meeting progressed, the great audience heard of opportunity after opportunity for service and then turned eagerly to hear and see the announcement of what had been placed on the Altar that morning. \$669,126 may not be a *notable* amount, but the joy of being able to offer it as a voluntary, extra, "over and above" did make those \$669,126 a part of the happy United Thank Offering day of the Triennial of 1922.

Perhaps more than one Churchwoman will begin her gift for the offering of 1925 by putting in her blue box a thank offering for the United Thank Offering of 1922.

GRACE LINDLEY.

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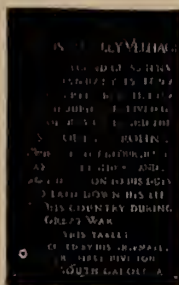


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